THE
NATION

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BLUE CROSS

Retreat from Idealism

Laurence Barrett

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BASKETBALL

The Fix Is Still On

Willard Manus

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LETTERS

Variations on Payola

Dear Sirs: The recent reports that certain auto-driving schools have been conniving with official auto-driving examiners in New York is a form of payola that might conveniently be called "motorola."

Incidentally, one wonders how much payola is involved in the text-book field, where new texts are so often assigned to the same course each year, rendering last year's texts unsaleable? Perhaps the penitent Mr. Van Doren might be quizzed on this.

HERBERT LEADER

Andover, Vt.

Price of Principle

Dear Sirs: At the end of last summer The George Washington University began a restudy of my "qualifications and suitability" to join its faculty as an associate professor of history. At this time my name and my courses were already listed in the university Catalogue. During the re-examination, I appeared before two committees. On neither occasion were specific accusations made against me.

Neither committee suggested that I had used the classroom to spread propaganda. Many of my former students testified as to my objectivity in teaching. No school at which I have taught has ever expressed doubts about me.

Both committees were primarily interested in my thoughts and associations off-campus. This interest arose because the House Committee on Un-American Activities had questioned me primarily about alleged Communist activity while I was a graduate student at Harvard a decade and more ago.

I bitterly resent even the most distant insinuation that I am in any way un-American. I have never participated in a conspiracy. I have never advocated the overthrow of the government by force or violence. During the Second World War, I flew with the Fifteenth Air Force.

At times I have held unorthodox beliefs. I declined to tell The George Washington University, under duress, what those beliefs may have been or may be. No authority, neither that of the government, nor of one's employer, has the right to inquire into the innermost workings of a man's mind. Because I held to this principle, The George Washington University found me "unqualified" and "unsuitable," and notified me, on December 22, that my two-year contract had been "withdrawn . . . as of August 21, 1959."

RICHARD W. REICHARD

Arlington, Va.

Safe Harbor

Dear Sirs: Joseph O'Brien [Letters column, Dec. 19 issue] has not told the whole story regarding the role of the Russian fleet in the American Civil War.

The Russians, facing the prospect of war with France and Britain in 1863, sent the fleet to friendly ports to prevent it being bottled up in the Baltic, not because of any altruistic friendship for the Union cause. F. A. Golder demolished the Russian fleet legend in 1915, using information he discovered in the Imperial archives.

Unlike Mr. O'Brien, I don't believe in miracles.

JOSEPH A. BOUDREAU

Los Angeles, Calif.

Peculiar Censors

Dear Sirs: I encountered some of the absurd results of book censorship described by Donald E. Strout (November 21 issue) the other evening in a branch of the N.Y. Public Library. *Studs Lonigan, Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake* are relegated to the back office to "keep them away from youngsters" while the open shelves offer *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and the *Decameron.*

Does this mean that censorship, as practiced by New York's librarians, is a branch prerogative or that the N.Y.P.L. directive is not bold enough? Surely, with a little more imagination the back rooms could be stocked with a fine collection.

NANCY E. HELLER

New York City

Not All Junk

Dear Sirs: It is sad to read a contemporary versifier pontificate that Vachel Lindsay's poems were not very good (*The Nation*, Nov. 28, 1959). This could be said of most post-Lindsay poets in this land; and how would they know good poetry? Lindsay wrote much junk, almost as much as Wordsworth and Tennyson and Masters, but he wrote much more. "The Congo" is understood and appreciated in many a Negro college course. When we again produce poets as we did in 1910, it will be time to reassess. . . .

CHARLES G. HAMILTON
Editor, *Crossroads*

Booneville, Miss.

Gentlemen Songsters

Dear Sirs: The Paris letter [*The Nation*, December 5] by Maurice Grosser about the Victor Hugo Museum interested me very much. The little poem quoted therein—written by Hugo and dedicated to his son—inspired me to attempt a translation:

Robin Redbreasts, swallows, larks!
Fly through the air and over the water
All you little gentlemen songsters,
Come hither, sing here your riotous nuptial joy
To please another little gentleman, my little George, my boy.

HARRIET W. PATTERSON

Rochester, N. Y.

In This Issue

EDITORIALS

21 ●

ARTICLES

24 ● Salazar: Man and Mask
by HENRIQUE GALVAO

26 ● Blue Cross: Retreat from Idealism
by LAURENCE BARRETT

32 ● Basketball: the Fix Is Still On
by WILLARD MANUS

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

34 ● Dürrenmatt: the Comedy of Despair
by H. M. WAIDSON

35 ● The Real Right Ovid
by M. L. ROSENTHAL

36 ● The Cut-off People
by JOHN BRIGHT

37 ● Catching Up with Bellamy
by IRVING H. FLAMM

38 ● Cascades and Fountains (poem)
by MARYA ZATURENSKA

39 ● Art
by FAIRFIELD PORTER

40 ● Music
by LESTER TRIMBLE

40 ● Out in the Cold (poem)
by DAVID FERRY

Crossword Puzzle (opp. 40)
by FRANK W. LEWIS

George G. Kirstein, Publisher
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Victor H. Bernstein, Managing Editor
Robert Hatch, Books and the Arts

Harold Clurman, Theatre
Maurice Grosser, Art
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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Don't Cheer, Boys

Governor Rockefeller's withdrawal from the Republican Presidential contest leaves Mr. Nixon in sole charge of the dunghill. But he is wise enough not to crow. The Democrats should be equally discreet. Their happiness is premature, and the theory on which it is based is fallacious in all its aspects. One is that the Democratic strategists can now argue that Mr. Nixon's nomination was rammed through by Old Guard reactionaries. But this won't convince any large body of voters unless Mr. Nixon is willing to be so identified, and he obviously won't be. Why should he, when the GOP conservatives failed to nominate Mr. Taft in four pre-convention contests in succession (1940, 1944, 1948 and 1952)? With this record, it is scarcely likely that Mr. Nixon stands in awe of his right-wingers. He can easily dissociate himself from them to the degree required to cadge independent and liberal votes (Mr. Nixon never gives unnecessary offense, except to Communists and suchlike). No matter what he does, the Old Guard will still have to support him and — politics does make strange bedfellows—so may the Communists.

Another facet of the we-can-lick-Nixon theory is that he is a meanie who has made enemies of all the upright, honorable, intelligent people in the country by his delinquencies in the past. His dirty infighting on the way up may indeed cost him some votes. But how many? Popular moral revulsion did not prevent him from extricating himself from his pre-election trouble in 1952; all he needed was Murray Chotiner, Checkers and a good television director. This election will be held in 1960, which is twelve years after 1948. Few voters have memories so long and sensibilities so acute that they still remember that Mr. Nixon did Mrs. Helen Gahagan Douglas in the eye. The run-of-the-mill voters will vote against Mr. Nixon only if the Democratic candidates give them reason to—a tall order.

There are various corollary issues which the Democrats can and will use, such as that the Republicans are responsible for our lag in space, and these will swing some votes. But the best vote-getting tools of all are, as of now, firmly in Mr. Nixon's hands. One is President Eisenhower's support, a major factor and one which can be further amplified if the President chooses to give his Vice President some more assignments like the 1959 trip to the Soviet Union. This mission benefited Mr. Nixon in no small measure, and the end is not yet. The other issue is related to the Soviet journey, and there is no reason to suppose that the Vice President will cease to take advantage of it. The issue is peace. It is not that American voters would have flocked to Mr. Nixon's standard because Mr. Khrushchev said that Mr. Rockefeller was a warmonger. It is only that they have a fairly acute appreciation of reality when both sides have transoceanic rockets and hundreds of megatons of nuclear explosives on tap. Ashes to ashes and dust to dust, but neither Americans nor Russians want to be dust sooner than they have to. And if and when they have to, they would like their children to be able to carry on. Mr. Nixon will use that consideration for all it is worth, and it is worth a great deal. It is especially valuable because the Democrats have managed, with costly maladroitness, to give the opposite impression: that they are the party of the aerospace interests and the tough line. If it is not already too late, the Democrats had better bestir themselves to erase that impression, to muffle Mr. Acheson if they can't persuade him to adopt the 1960 look, and to select as their candidate someone with the intellectual and moral stature to make Mr. Nixon look like what he has been, is, and will remain—a shrewd politician and climber. And, even after that, the Democrats will have to run scared to win.

Making War Pay

Consider the success story of Alfried Krupp, the more or less repentant munitions baron. He joined the Nazi party in 1938 and during the war became head of the Krupp empire. His factories — and they *were* his, for Krupp is a family enterprise — covered five square miles and employed 160,000 workers, including slave laborers. At the end of the war, he was tried as a war

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criminal and sentenced to twelve years' imprisonment and the forfeiture of his property. In February, 1951, John J. McCloy, the United States High Commissioner, commuted the sentence and returned to Herr Krupp what had been his on condition that he dispose of part of his holdings. However, on the ground that he cannot find a suitable buyer, he has since been released from this stipulation.

The Krupp company has made what *The New York Times* calls a "spectacular recovery." Its 1959 sales were over a billion dollars, none of it for munitions. Still, Herr Krupp has had his share of misfortunes. Two wives successively divorced him and the *Times* captions his picture, "A lonely man rebuilds an empire on new foundations." The house near Essen in which he was born had 117 rooms; the one in which he now lives has only fifteen. But all things considered, he has done pretty well in comparison with ordinary citizens who never built a cannon. He is even acquiring a reputation as a moralist. Recently he got a good press by agreeing to pay his former Jewish slave laborers, of whom there are estimated to be 2,000 still alive, up to $2,380,000 "to heal the wounds of World War II." The sum will not make much of a dent in Herr Krupp's net worth, and it would seem that he took his time about healing the wounds.

On the other side of the world, the Japanese have likewise taken steps to heal the wounds of the war, and in a sense they have done even better by themselves than did their German colleague. Their reparations amount to slightly over $1 billion, of which $175 million has been paid or allocated. The foreign beneficiaries are South Vietnam (North Vietnam can go whistle), Burma, Indonesia and the Philippines. The domestic beneficiaries are the very interests that touched off the war in the first place, for the deal calls for the expenditure of the reparations in Japan, largely for heavy industry and development projects. For instance, Japan will heal the wounds of its former enemies with ships built in Japanese shipyards. The shipyards, naturally, will make a profit. The Japanese manufacturers who build turbo-generators for South Vietnam generating stations will likewise make a profit. Only the taxpayers will lose — and that includes U.S. taxpayers who helped finance Japan's industrial recovery.

The moral of all this is obvious. If there is a chance to go to war, don't neglect it. Economically you can't lose. The atomic bomb may have changed all that, but perhaps not. The greater the damage, the greater the reparations and profits to the lucky losers.

The Heirs of Magellan

It was one of the five ships of a great Portuguese explorer that completed the first voyage around the world in 1522, proving the roundness of the earth, revealing America as a new world, and revolutionizing man's ideas about the relative proportion of land and water. But the Portuguese soon exhausted their stock of boldness, soon slaked their thirst for adventure. For centuries they have lived in a historical cocoon, dozing, docile and pious; ignorant, listless and — except for a thin upper crust — desperately impoverished. The 1950 census revealed that 40 per cent of the population over the age of seven is illiterate — an illiteracy rate three times greater than that in Spain. For all the richness of its colonial possessions, which have been theirs to develop for centuries, the annual per capita income of the country is the lowest in Europe ($321).

But recently, historical forces have been pushing the Portuguese out of their cocoon. Salazar's "discreet dictatorship" was rudely shaken in 1958 when Humberto Delgado, the Portuguese Air Force General who had received the American Legion of Merit for his service as military attaché in Washington, courageously challenged the dictator and actually won the election (see article p. 24). More recently, the 10,000,000 natives in Mozambique and Angola—the combined area of the two territories is about the size of Western Europe—have grown restive and with good reason. Tribally, these natives are related to those of the Belgian Congo, where a strong independence movement exists. Hard on the heels of the Leopoldville riots of last February came news of Belgian willingness to make concessions. The natives of Mozambique and Angola promptly caught on. Panic spread among the Portuguese officials, who began making arrests on a large scale in March. Another large wave of arrests took place in July and the jails are now bulging.

The facts show clearly that the natives of Mozambique and Angola have even more reason to be rebellious than those in the Congo. The Belgians, the French and the British have at least started their African charges on the road to self-government; the Portuguese — with no democracy at home — have yet to make the first move in this direction. The natives of Mozambique and Angola have no political rights whatever and forced labor is widespread; Professor Marvin Harris of Columbia University has provided the documentation in a recent study. But here, too, time has overtaken the slumbering Salazar regime. The U.N. Trusteeship Committee has just adopted a resolution which, without naming Portugal, is clearly intended to apply to its colonies. The resolution calls for the appointment of a six-man committee to establish criteria for judging what is a colonial or "non-self-governing" area and what is not (the Portuguese, of course, contend that neither Mozambique nor Angola is a colonial holding). The committee's report should throw light on conditions in Portuguese Africa and open the way for U.N. action.

Rudely, violently, Portugal is being dragged into the twentieth century. The process would accelerate if the resistance movement which Henrique Galvao heads up

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from his exile in Venezuela should succeed in overthrowing the Salazar dictatorship. The best hope of planting the seeds of democratic practice in Portuguese Africa consists in securing democratic rights in Portugal.

Research and the Soldier

The soldier, sailor and airman would be helpless without the technological advances which research provides, but this does not mean that the military should dominate research. Very largely they do, however (see *The Nation*, Dec. 26, 1959, editorial on "The Research Fetish"); the rest is largely routine product improvement. Thus the public impression that all is well with research, since we are spending more money than ever before, is badly mistaken. How badly, Dr. Wallace R. Brode brought out at the annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, of which he is president. He is also science adviser to the Secretary of State. Dr. Brode made it clear that he was expressing only his own opinions, but these opinions are certainly not those of a visionary or outsider. Military agencies, he says, account for about 85 per cent of the total outlay for government research, and the result is something approaching chaos. Universities, having been partially bailed out of their financial difficulties by defense contracts, are now largely under the control of those who let the contracts (how strange that those who blanch at government control of the schools do not turn a hair at this form of government control). Foreign scientists don't like to take part in our research programs, because of this domination by military agencies. There has been increasing proliferation of government agencies concerned with research, but proliferation has not resulted in order or in efficient utilization of funds. In the meantime, civilian government agencies, such as the Bureau of Standards, the Weather Bureau, the Geological Survey and the Bureau of Mines, have stood still. Dr. Brode thinks there should be a Federal Department of Science with Cabinet status and a long-range, balanced program.

There may be arguments against such a solution, but the public should realize that the present situation is bad, and by all indications will grow worse. And the crux of it is that the military have taken over a field of activity which is vital to the national welfare and which few of their members are qualified to administer.

What Show Do You Fancy?

The cry of "why didn't *I* think of that" is going to be heard again in the land as word of Theatrical Investors, Inc. gets around. This small firm has been modeled precisely on the Wall Street investment house to provide advice and contacts for would-be Broadway angels. Theatrical Investors rates every forthcoming show on the basis of the past forms of producers, directors, playwright and actors (a technique not unknown to the habitués of Havre de Grace), and issues a bimonthly bulletin giving particulars of the opportunities available. Plays are rated from Group I (one chance in twenty of paying off) to Group IV (almost sure bets—and a rare classification).

Seymour Vail, president of T.I., plans now to set up syndicates for the benefit of small angels, and looks forward to a time when shares can be traded on a special stock exchange. If this extends the mutual fund idea to Broadway, it will probably be the key to the success of the venture. Because T.I.'s study of all the shows produced on Broadway in the past five years shows that, while the chance of success for a play chosen at random is not good, the industry as a whole has paid net profits of 25 per cent to investors.

Amateurs of the theatre can be expected to turn a fishy eye on this new development. It is obviously a further business inroad into the aesthetic world of the drama. But the angel system now prevailing — in which plays are put on the block for wealthy backers who are often ill-informed and almost always ego-ambitious—is anything but an aesthetic treat. If Mr. Vail's firm can broaden the base of investment in Broadway, it may perform a public service while turning an ingenious buck.

Sold!

In the first flush of their industrial maturity, Americans were known the world 'round as superb salesmen, hustling orders and hawking their wares from Lisbon to Hong Kong with boundless energy and exuberance. But for nearly a decade, now, we have permitted our trading instincts to be thwarted by the assumed exigencies of the cold war. It is an act of historical kindness that our ancestors were saved the anguish of witnessing us, their descendants, turn away customers who came knocking at the door, anxious to buy, with money in the bank. Fortunately, some of these customers have been persistent enough to overcome our hesitancies. For over a year, the Russians have been trying to penetrate Washington's trade curtain; at long last their persistence has been rewarded. Despite a long series of rebuffs and a stoutly maintained bureaucratic resistance, they have finally succeeded in inducing us to sell them $20,000,000 worth of textile machinery — the first such transaction since the end of World War II. Signed last week, the contract far exceeds the total value of United States exports to the Soviet Union in 1958. Yet there are those who still say that Soviet-American trade is a mirage! We may not be willing to sell, but the Russians are obviously eager to buy. Who knows but that those old, dormant Yankee trading instincts may yet revive under the stimulus of such eager Russian shoppers.

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SALAZAR: MAN and MASK . . *by Henrique Galvao*

SALAZAR's rule in Portugal is essentially no different from the pattern of twentieth-century dictatorships established by Mussolini, continued by Primo de Rivera and Hitler, and still surviving in the Iberian Peninsula and in three nations of Latin America (not to mention the Communist bloc). It is Portuguese only in that its dictator was born in Portugal. Salazar's totalitarian oligarchy occupies the country by force, just like a foreign invader. One sees the same cult of personality, the same idea of personal power, with the people reduced to the status of animals, a herd bereft of will. It uses a political police in the same terroristic way (the PIDE is a twin of the Gestapo, AVO, Cheka, etc.). There is the same sterilizing censorship, the same entrancing propaganda, the same labyrinth of special laws and judges, alongside rampant administrative and social corruption. It propounds the same slogans and nationalistic rhetoric, reducing the genuinely patriotic feeling of the people to mere verbalized propaganda.

Nonetheless, Salazar has managed for many years to appear as a different sort of dictator, ruling an acceptable tyranny. In this he has evidently been favored by the fact that Portugal is less important to world politics than Italy, Germany or even Spain, and by the lack of principles of the great democracies. He has managed so well that even some Portuguese outside the oligarchy have been taken in.

HENRIQUE GALVAO, distinguished Portuguese historian and novelist, formerly served the Salazar regime as Chief Inspector for Overseas Territories. Jailed by Salazar in 1951 for a report he prepared on contract-labor abuses in Angola, he was tried in 1958 and sentenced to sixteen years' imprisonment. He managed to escape to the Argentine Embassy in Lisbon and was subsequently given sanctuary in Argentina. He now lives in Venezuela. This article has been translated from the Portuguese by Gregory Rabassa.

It is his talent for fraud which alone distinguishes Salazar from other dictators and gives his own dictatorship a different appearance. He has always been a constant and clever liar. Even so, his prevarications have never deceived anyone who has taken the time to examine closely the Portuguese regime and the personality of its dictator. In 1948, for example, Martin Serrano took a moment to look carefully at this man who was spending so much money to create a public image of himself that had no relation to reality. Writing in *Les Temps Modernes* (August, 1948), Serrano says:

> If Salazar is known as one of the most mysterious men of our day, it is because his legend has been modeled on that of a calendar saint. His mask carefully hides his real features and no one as yet has made an effort to penetrate the mists of his "philosophy," to see his morals at close hand, or to examine his deeds.

OTHER observers who have "examined his deeds" (which the Portuguese people have felt in body and spirit) have not hesitated to tear away the mask. Yet actually few foreigners have taken an interest in the Portuguese situation, which is of small importance in the *mare magnum* of the political problems of a world in turmoil. Governments and leading parties in the great Western democracies look upon the human and universal aspects of democratic principles from vantage points much too dehumanized to allow for any interest in the sufferings of a people not American, English or French, and lacking in oil riches or international influence. And the ordinary people of the world, as well as the intellectuals and artists, absorbed in the great stage of world affairs, only hear and read, on the radio and in the press, what Salazar's propaganda says; they remain completely unaware of what this propaganda costs those who pay for it in Portugal.

Under all these conditions, Salazar's old and proven ability to lie has led to an easy and prolonged success. It has apparently transformed him into a dictator different from the rest — the caretaker and shepherd of the Portuguese people. And the Portuguese themselves, the victims of this success, are astounded to hear him described abroad as a sort of strict but just parent. This is what they hear of a dictatorship which, under the guise of "paternalism," has robbed them of their fundamental liberties, degraded them to the status of a flock herded by police, sterilized them in spirit, and kept one-fifth of them in hunger and sickness.

And it is the image of the shepherd, a firm but kind leader, which has been circulating like counterfeit money in circles of Western opinion beyond the Pyrennean Curtain.

SALAZAR began his dictatorship promising "politics based on truth," but at the same time he stated that "in politics what seems to be so, is so." Thus he instituted in Portugal the most colossal lie in its history, but he did comply faithfully with the program implicit in the second statement: "In politics, what seems to be so, *is so*!" So by seeming to be what he least has been, namely paternalistic, he and his system of masked dictatorship have succeeded in passing for what they seem to be before the eyes of a world having little interest in things Portuguese.

What an actor the theatre has lost!

While other dictatorships — Fascist, Nazi, Russian and Spanish — were foisted upon their respective nations as the catastrophic consequences of profound political and social crises, originating or terminating in a war, the Portuguese dictatorship, provisionally established by the military, was the result of nothing more than a crisis of order and administration brought about by the difficulties of a nascent republic. And while the Italian, German, Russian and Spanish dictatorships were established at the great personal risk of their authors, Portugal's dictator, lacking in active political background, the obscure member of a Catholic party, prudently assumed the powers of an already established

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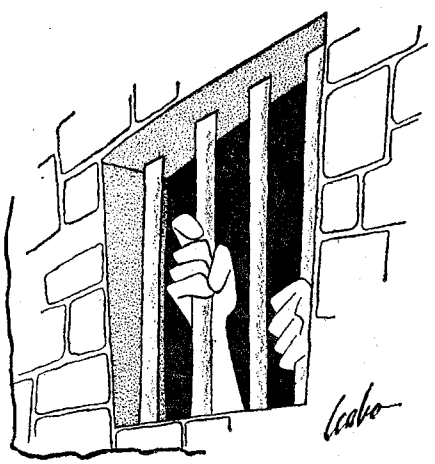
dictatorship without any personal risk whatever, abusing the trust the nation had placed in him as a financial expert. Where most other dictators took power through brute force, Salazar used fraud.

This difference of circumstance does not alter the specific forms of brutality which are characteristic of all totalitarianisms, but it cannot help having considerable influence on the mask assumed by the dictator involved. The great dictators, creators of their own systems and ruling large demographic, economic and military powers, stride the stage with a forceful arrogance born of the strength dedicated to the maintenance of the violence and lies of their regimes. Portugal's little dictator, of rural origins, was educated in a provincial seminary and a listless university. He spent an inactive and unvirile youth stigmatized by the timidity of misogyny. With this background, and lacking the political or military power with which to impress Europe, with no genius for revolution, a mere imitator and adapter of systems created by others, Salazar had to present himself to the world and to his people with a different mask and build up a less arrogant and warlike façade. He decided upon a mask which would least contradict certain personal traits, such as his tendency towards misogyny, his position as an objective professor of economics, and his vaunted, albeit Tartuffean, Catholic faith.

Thus he built up the image of a humble, modest person, one who eschewed worldly glory and ambition — a mask which seemed to make his regime one of peace and order (of the kind, one notes, that are found in cemeteries). And so, for the single party whose leader he became, he appeared as a sort of medieval saint; for the heterodox of his faith, a tyrant in the service of God; zoologically, a rare, peculiar species of "carnivorous lamb"; in the propagandistic projection of his figure, a wise man and philosopher turning his genius toward politics.



But behind the façade built up for the world, there remained the effective reality of a dictator like the others, basically more dangerous because he was better disguised; the master of a system of dehumanization, the public leader of an oligarchy of the privileged, the jailer of a people reduced to an inert mass, bled by taxes and bent beneath the yoke of a ubiquitous police.

UNTIL 1945 — especially when the fortunes of war seemed favorable to the totalitarian powers — Salazar, who at the time made a show of the autographed picture of Mussolini he kept on his desk, maintained his mask and the façade of his regime in a state of near transparency. The fundamental institutions of the system operated openly in the country. There were concentration camps, police torture, mass deportations, campaigns of fear and terrorism, and the idolatry of the leader; all props of Hitlerian and Soviet usage. In foreign affairs, he openly practiced a neutrality partial to Germany and Italy, and made no secret of his dislike for the Allies.

With the Allied victory in 1945, which toppled all his hopes and threatened the existence of the system he had imposed upon his nation, Salazar saw himself obliged to render his façade more impenetrable and to soften the more ferocious aspects of his mask. Keeping in force against the Portuguese people all the inhuman practices of the regime, he created a series of legal mystifications, democratic in appearance, with which he deceived the rulers of the Western Allies.

Nonetheless, no lie is eternal. Even in politics, where lies can easily find their natural habitat, they can be offensive or defensive weapons only where an incontrovertible truth is lacking. Salazar's lie was discovered

Salazar

years ago in body and soul by 80 per cent of the Portuguese people, and it is beginning to be discovered as well by other peoples of the West — those whom it sought to deceive more than the Portuguese. Now the lie is maintained only by the brute force of arms and the corruptive power of money. It holds itself together as a force which has been defeated, although not yet overthrown. The Presidential elections of 1958 brought to light a decisive phase in the decomposition of the regime. Neither brute force, nor threats, nor jails filled with political prisoners, nor the mobilization of the army could prevent a mass manifestation of the people which revealed how illusory the mask of the dictator was.

In spite of the fact that they were unarmed, that they were almost everywhere watched by the political police, that the democratic parties were disorganized and fiercely persecuted, the people of the provinces and overseas possessions—cities and villages, youth, Catholics, the Church itself, which for so many years had supported the dictator—all showed by every means possible and some considered impossible that they

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could no longer bear the dictator and his regime. The candidate of the democratic opposition (not Communist) was elected overwhelmingly. The candidate who was actually and legally defeated was able to assume office only by a *coup de main* by Salazar. The fraud was obvious and so clear that not even the most ingenuous or most susceptible to propaganda were fooled. Here was the manifestation of a decay which had been evident for many years, but never before in such visible form.

NOW THAT the mask has fallen, the façade razed, after thirty years of fraud, violence and suppression, the results are plain to see:

¶ *Administrative corruption which taxes the imagination. (In Angola and Mozambique, Portuguese colonies which I came to know well in my former position as Chief Inspector of Overseas Territories, 70 per cent of the administrative officials spend more than they officially earn.)*

¶ *Forced labor in the Portuguese provinces is today indistinguishable from outright slavery.*

¶ *Of the Portuguese budget, 32 per cent is spent on the military and less than 6 per cent on health.*

¶ *The Portuguese diet is among the most meager in Europe; 20 per cent of the population suffers from malnutrition.*

¶ *Portugal has one physician for every 1,400 inhabitants. In contrast, no country in Europe has more drug stores in proportion to population. The government has built more stadiums than hospitals (although Portugal is a country without athletes). The country's death rate from tuberculosis — 44 per thousand in 1958—is more than twice that of any country in Western Europe.*

¶ *The complete sterilization of intellectual life.*

Portuguese patriots inside and outside the country pray that democrats everywhere in the world judge the dictator of Portugal not by his propaganda, but—as Martin Serrano suggested — "by looking at his morals at close hand, and examining his deeds." This becomes progressively less difficult as time goes on.

RETREAT FROM IDEALISM

BLUE CROSS . . *by Laurence Barrett*

BLUE CROSS is in deep trouble; the non-profit movement that made health insurance popular on this continent is under attack from within and without. Some of its own national leaders now criticize it for being too conservative. In New York, hospitals and labor groups — respectively Blue Cross's founders and best customers — are heaving verbal brickbats at an organization that until recently was above reproach.

Across the country, rates shoot up while the level of benefits remains static. In Canada, Blue Cross's failure has been so complete that provincial governments in most areas are assuming the primary responsibility for hospitalization insurance.

In this country, the organization is rapidly losing ground to commercial insurance companies. Already the profit-making carriers cover some 40 per cent of the population, while Blue Cross has only about 30 per cent. In 1958, the profit-making companies wrote policies for 1,800,000 persons; in the same period, the seventy-nine approved independent groups that constitute Blue Cross in America signed up just 400,000. This is ironic when one considers that it was Blue Cross, starting at a Texas university in 1929, which first proved voluntary, large-scale hospital insurance to be feasible.

Does it matter that Blue Cross is falling behind its commercial competitors? I believe it matters a great deal. Blue Cross, theoretically, at least, is a public-service organization in a field where community welfare must be the first consideration; the service benefit is the heart of the Blue Cross program. Again theoretically, Blue Cross subscribers get benefits as determined by their need, not by an actuary's slide rule. The profit-making firms follow the indemnity principle, which is the only way to make money in the insurance business. That is, commercial firms pay according to a set schedule up to a maximum. Then the patient is on his own. Furthermore, Blue Cross makes an attempt to cover the whole community; one of the reasons why the commercial rates are more attractive in some areas is that the private companies aim to restrict coverage to the lesser risks.

There are some who argue that Blue Cross is in trouble because it has been too liberal, and that it should compete on a purely business basis. This report will seek to show that the opposite is true. Blue Cross is groping ineffectively because it has stopped midway in its trail-blazing march. Instead of following up its breakthrough with firm strides forward, it is marking time while the community demands the progress that is its due.

CERTAINLY, a large part of Blue Cross's financial trouble results from the tremendous increase in hospital costs in recent years. The average price of a day's hospital stay has gone up 73 per cent since 1950, and is expected to continue rising indefinitely at a rate of from 5 per cent to 10 per cent a year. The hospitals themselves are not blameless here.

Another serious problem confronting Blue Cross is decentralization. Every Blue Cross plan is a local organization. There are six national coordinating agencies, including the allied Blue Shield. These seem to

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get in each other's way. And in addition to the seventy-nine local groups that operate with national recognition, there are several others doing business under the Blue Cross name which have no affiliation with any of the co-ordinating agencies.

The Blue Cross Commission is an integral part of the American Hospital Association. The oldest of the national groups, it was set up to compile data and establish minimum standards for individual plans. Some of its co-ordinating functions overlap those of the Blue Cross Association, which is primarily a national sales and promotion agency. The association is owner of the stock of the third national group, Health Service, Inc., an insurance setup which aids local Blue Cross units to provide benefits which normally they could not offer because of financial limitations.

There are also the Blue Shield Commission, which performs functions roughly comparable to those of the Blue Cross Association and Blue Cross Commission, and Medical Indemnity of America, the Blue Shield counterpart of Health Service, Inc. And finally, the Joint Operating Committee attempts to link the work of the two underwriting groups, H.S.I. and M.I.A.

BUT the first ailment that must be cured is Blue Cross's schizophrenic attitude toward itself — half public service and half business-is-business. While the need for reform is nationwide, I propose to concentrate here on Associated Hospital Service of New York, which covers seventeen counties in and around New York City. With 7,232,000 members, it is the largest plan in the country. It ought to be among the best, but is far from that — and its failings are shared by many other locals.

Listen to this appraisal:

> I have watched the developments [of Blue Cross] in Canada and in other countries, and I have observed the inevitable breakdown of the voluntary hospital prepayment idea when continued advances expected by the public and by hospitals do not materialize.
>
> In my judgment, Blue Cross cannot survive the social and economic impact of the developments we can reasonably expect in the decade of the 1960s unless a far stronger program than exists today, and one more clearly oriented to the public interest, is aggressively developed and effectively implemented.

These are not the words of a spokesman for organized medicine who wants to return public health to free enterprise. Nor are they the words of a supporter of socialized medicine, who rightly sees Blue Cross as a formidable obstacle to his objective. They are the words of Dr.

Basil C. MacLean, a grand old man of Blue Cross, who stepped down on Dec. 31 as president of the Blue Cross Association.

Listen to some others interested primarily in the New York situation:

Moe Iushewitz, secretary of the city's powerful Central Labor Council: "The Associated Hospital Service of New York has had two rate rises — 22 per cent and 26.5 per cent — since September, 1958. They give us nothing in return. Our feeling is that we are being done in. About 3,000,000 union people and dependents are covered. If we have to, we will take our people out and form our own plan."

Dr. Franz Goldmann, formerly with the Harvard School of Public Health: "If voluntary insurance is to make headway and become truly effective, many reforms are necessary."

Dr. Martin Cherkasky, director of Montefiore Hospital: "Associated Hospital Service has been run more as a business than as a community service. I don't think it has succeeded too well as either."

Dr. Martin Steinberg, director of Mount Sinai Hospital: "Blue Cross could exercise a favorable influence on hospitals. The opposite occurs in many cases."

A Manhattan physician: "The exclusions in the Blue Cross contracts cannot be justified. If you have illness A, you have to pay the bill. If it's illness B, Blue Cross pays. If we don't know what is wrong with you and have to put you in a hospital to find out, Blue Cross does not pay. The result is general confusion and cheating."

Of more than a score of people I talked to about Associated Hospital Service, only two were not severely critical. Paul Drescher, executive vice president and operational head of the agency on a temporary basis since July, said that, on the whole, A.H.S. was in good shape. "The future looks very bright to me," he added. And a physician insisted that, whatever its faults, A.H.S. has accomplished a good deal in providing protection.

While the physician's assertion cannot be denied, I do not believe it can be used as an excuse for A.H.S.'s failure to fulfill its potential. This failure can best be analyzed in two parts — A.H.S.'s service to the consumer and its relationship to the hospital.

OF THE 3,150,000 individual and family contracts outstanding in the New York area, all but 50,000 provide the so-called standard twenty-one day coverage. This pays for nearly all hospital costs for twenty-one days in a semi-private room of an affiliated hospital, and half the costs for the next 180 days.

Unlike some subscribers to commercial insurance, A.H.S. subscribers keep their contracts no matter how often they may enter claims. Individuals as well as groups are encouraged to join, and those who leave a group for any reason may convert to individual coverage.

All of this is fine — but

¶Infants up to ninety days old are not covered at all — while infant mortality is rising in New York City.

¶Only $80 is allowed for maternity

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cases — about half the average cost in routine deliveries.

¶Children up to sixteen are not covered for any communicable disease except polio.

¶The only hospitalization provided for in connection with mental illness is when shock treatment or surgery, such as frontal lobotomy, is involved. (Yet half the hospital beds in the country are in mental institutions.)

¶An anesthetist's fee, which may run from $20 to $150, is paid only if the anesthetist is an employee of the hospital. This forces many patients with limited means to go into wards as charity patients.

¶Preventive medicine appears to be the current frontier of medical science, but A.H.S.'s standard contract does not provide for diagnostic admissions.

¶It has been proved, as we shall see later, that out-patient care and visiting nurse service can reduce long hospital stays. Yet now, a year after the New York State Legislature authorized A.H.S. payments for home care, there is still no provision for them.

MR. DRESCHER acknowledged that there might be some need for change. "This is an evolving program," he told me. "I think benefits should be expanded in keeping with the needs of the times." He did not want to discuss specific reforms because "a new program is being considered." But he pointed to contract improvements that have been made from time to time as evidence of A.H.S.'s sensitivity to public need. In 1950, for instance, fifteen years after A.H.S. was organized, polio victims, regardless of age, were covered for the first time. Since then, there has been no major change.

To demands for a better contract, the routine answer is that it would "cost too much." The public is not ready to pay for improvements, say the custodians of a movement that once breathed the pioneer spirit. On the other hand, they aren't hesitant to go to the public to ask for higher premiums in exchange for no improvements. In New York, there is no doubt that another premium increase will be asked for — and granted — this year; the only question is whether this time the public will get something more for the additional money.

How valid is the contention that the public is unwilling to pay for better coverage? The Cleveland Blue Cross Plan, probably the most progressive in the country, gives full payment for 120 days and imposes few of the exclusions found in the New York contract. Cleveland charges double the New York premium of $2.61 a month for one person in group enrollment. In the other classifications, the Cleveland charge is nearly twice that of New York. Yet the Cleveland plan has signed up more than 80 per cent of the population in its area, while A.H.S. has enrolled less than 65 per cent of its potential market.

Let us examine more closely some of the exclusions in New York, many of which are also found in other plans. Dr. Harold Jacobziner, director of the Child Health Bureau of the city's Department of Health, emphasized that 82 per cent of infant deaths — deaths before the first birthday — occurred by the end of the third month. In 1955, he said, there were 25.8 such deaths per 1,000 live births in New York. This figure was up to 26.4 by 1958, and the forecast for 1959 indicates a further rise to 26.8. This upward trend is expected to continue as long as the Negro and Puerto Rican population in the city is expanding. At a State Insurance Department hearing on Blue Cross last spring, Dr. Jacobziner said:

> It is strongly believed that by including [in Blue Cross contracts] maternity benefits and care for newborn infants from day of birth, mortality and morbidity of mothers and new-born infants would be greatly reduced.

And how much would be necessary to pay for the coverage of infants? The present family contract, under group enrollment, which now costs $6.60 a month, would have to go up 21c, according to an authoritative estimate made on the basis of 1959 costs.

Probably the most serious gap in the New York contract is the limit of twenty-one days' full payment for a semi-private room. This has been the standard since the New York plan was organized. The A.H.S. correctly states that under it four out of five non-maternity patients have their bills paid in full. But pity that fifth patient! In New York in 1958, 7½ per cent of Blue Cross subscribers — some 40,500 of them — stayed in hospital more than twenty-one days, and had hospital bills ranging from a few dollars into the thousands.

THE picture is clearer on the national level because of the availability of certain statistics. According to a recent study, only 5 per cent of the 23,000,000 hospital patients a year stay in general, short-term institutions for more than twenty-one days. But this 5 per cent incurs 21 per cent of all hospital charges.

Ideally, there should be no time limit to hospital coverage. The maximum now offered by any plan is 120 days. Such coverage reduces to 1 per cent the proportion of patients with insurance who would still have to pay for care. An independent study made last year indicates that in New York it would cost 26c a month extra for individuals to be covered for 120 days and 33c more for families. The same research team calculated that 120-day hospital coverage could be extended to include mental patients in general hospitals, and nearly all other exclusions in the New York plan could be eliminated, for a total monthly increase of $2.40 for families. (Administrative costs were not included in the estimates.)

A word more should be said on mental illness. A majority of mental cases go to public institutions, traditionally crowded and understaffed. How many mental patients of moderate means would be spared long, unpleasant stays in public institutions if they could obtain better care elsewhere has never, to my knowledge, been estimated. I suggest this is a field worthy of intensive professional study.

To carry the question of coverage one step further, it is not inconceivable that even the restriction of 120 days could be lifted. One official of the Blue Cross Association told me

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that in areas where the comprehensive, 120-day program is already the standard, it would take less than 10 per cent more in premiums to remove the limit. In short, the patient would be assured of all the care required by his condition, at absolutely no cost beyond the prepaid premium.

WHILE A.H.S. has maintained serious gaps in its coverage, it has developed an efficent regulatory system. The contractual restrictions and their rigorous enforcement have given A.H.S. one of the lowest utilization rates in the country. But it also has one of the highest ratios of administrative cost to premium income. It takes money to insure that physicians and patients are not conspiring to cheat (which they do to a degree anyway).

In 1958, 9.5 per cent of subscriber premiums went for administration. Mr. Drescher said this percentage dropped to 7.5 per cent last year and will drop to about 6.5 per cent in 1960. He was quick to point out, however, that the reduction is not due to any economy in operations. On the contrary, administrative cost in 1959 stayed at $12,000,000, Mr. Drescher said, and is likely to remain at that level this year. The proportion of administrative cost is going down only because premiums have been raised. In 1959, A.H.S. collected about $160,000,000 in premiums and paid out $157,000,000 in claims.

Two years ago, A.H.S. hired a management consultant firm to point the way to internal economy. Its report contained certain technical proposals which have now been put into effect, Mr. Drescher said.

As a rule, this type of investigation does not get to the core of an operation's problem because the core usually consists of the persons who hired the efficiency experts. This survey was no exception. Most of the report, a copy of which was made available to me, was concerned with pennies where dollars and principles were and are involved. The document did explain, with charts, why a premium increase was necessary — one thing A.H.S. executives wanted to hear. Even so, the precision-minded experts, in their report, could not completely overlook A.H.S.'s inconsistencies:

> The program administered by A.H.S. is relatively complex in comparison with those of other major Blue Cross organizations over the country. The large number of restrictions, exceptions and limitations applying to A.H.S. contracts is necessarily reflected in relatively higher administrative costs compared with those Blue Cross programs where coverage is more general and less circumscribed.

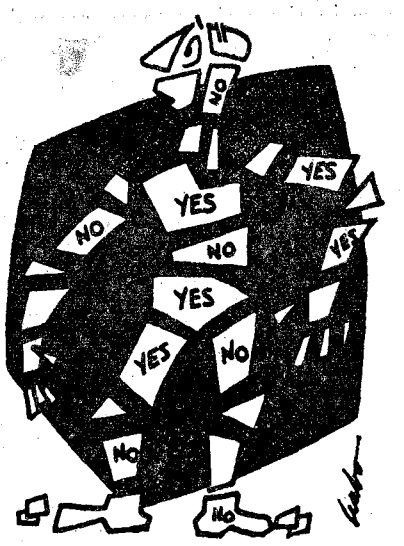
And the cost-conscious business advisers found it necessary to give the officers of a non-profit community service group the following reminder:

> Regardless of whether or not a role of broadened responsibility was sought for A.H.S., or even envisaged by its founders, it is a fact that the very success of the national Blue Cross program has had the practical effect of thrusting an expanded role upon all Blue Cross plans, including the largest plan, Associated Hospital Service of New York. A.H.S., if it is to remain a solvent and effective enterprise without the introduction of further outside controls, cannot avoid the responsibility imposed upon it by changing conditions.

This report was given to A.H.S. on Dec. 6, 1958. Since then, administrative costs in dollars have not gone down, although Mr. Drescher says all the efficiency recommendations either have been, or are being, implemented. The exclusions and restrictions still exist and there has been no evidence that A.H.S. has suddenly found its social consciousness.

On the subject of contract enforcement, Mr. Drescher said, "We don't believe that we are policing to the extreme. As a matter of fact, I don't like the word 'policing.' We are not policemen."

Now a new and broader study has been made by a research team under Dr. Ray E. Trussel of Columbia University, paid for in part by the eight Blue Cross plans in New York State. It will consider Blue Cross's entire role in the community. While the final version has not yet been released, one may safely assume that it will recommend broad expansion of coverage and seek to



justify further rate increases. And undoubtedly there will be proposals to improve Blue Cross's relations both with subscribers and with the hospitals.

IT IS noteworthy that Blue Cross received hospital support from its beginnings. For Blue Cross not only promised protection to the individual, but it also held out to hospitals the hope of sound financing. Even today, in prosperous times, hospitals fail to collect a significant part of their billings not covered by insurance.

For indigent patients, hospitals in New York City receive inadequate reimbursements. Government grants and philanthropy do not cover all the teaching and research that the larger voluntary hospitals consider necessary for the advancement of medical science.

These problems — just a few of the many faced by hospitals — are, or ought to be, the concern of all of us. The community at large pays for hospital deficits either through higher bills, increased insurance premiums, philanthropy, governmental subsidy or, if all of these fail, by accepting inferior medical care.

New equipment, drugs and medical techniques are increasingly expensive. In 1958, New York City's voluntary hospitals—the sixty-seven major, private, non-profit institutions — had a total deficit of $36,000,000, excluding plant depreciation. Between 1938 and 1958, the average cost of providing a day's

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care in these short-term, general institutions rose from $6.45 to $27.60, an increase of 328 per cent.

In most parts of the country, Blue Cross supplies a substantial part of member hospitals' patient income. Most voluntary and proprietary (profit-making) hospitals in New York derive at least 50 per cent of their operating income from A.H.S. The question immediately comes to mind: does A.H.S. use its tremendous potential influence over hospitals for good or ill? From the community's point of view, it appears that the influence has been increasingly negative.

One reason for this harsh judgment is A.H.S.'s uniquely complex and illogical reimbursement system, which has the effect of rewarding mediocre hospitals and penalizing the great institutions that provide the best care and contribute most to research and medical education.

Until September, 1948, A.H.S. had paid hospitals at a uniform rate. But the vast differences among institutions had made this so grossly unfair that a new formula was devised: each hospital's charges for the first part of 1948 were averaged and these became the base rate for reimbursement. Adjustments were then made quarterly, according to the Bureau of Labor Statistics' indices of labor and food costs. These are now weighted 90 to 10 in favor of the labor costs.

THE faults of this system — which is basically the one now in use — soon became apparent. Hospitals which charged too much in 1948 today receive more than they deserve. Others, especially those that have been subsidizing semi-private care with endowment income, are put at a disadvantage. Also, the labor and food indices do not keep pace with rising hospital costs. The result is a constant agitation on the part of hospitals for individual rate adjustments. Because there is no uniformly accepted method of computing hospital costs in New York, and because negotiations are carried on by a handful of persons, there has been considerable room for politicking.

A.H.S., which was generally cooperative in supplying information to me for this survey, refused to disclose the reimbursement rates of individual hospitals. No explanation of why the figures are confidential was given me. None was necessary. A.H.S. does not want to get the victimized hospitals even angrier than they are already by letting them see comparisons. That the public is entitled to know just how its money is being distributed does not seem to enter into A.H.S.'s thinking.

A member of the Blue Cross Committee of the Greater New York Hospital Association confessed to me that even his committee, supposedly expert in A.H.S.-hospital relations, has been unable to learn the figures. The feeling is that more hospitals are being underpaid than overpaid. The committee estimates that reimbursement in 1958 and 1959 was $13,000,000 behind costs for Blue Cross patients.

Until recently, adjustments outside of the formula could be made only if a hospital's costs rose as a result of new services or facilities. But with no uniform standard of comparison, cheating has been easy. The director of one small hospital bragged to me that he came out "a dollar or two ahead" on every patient-day charged to A.H.S. Once assured of anonymity, he said: "Any experienced administrator who is friendly with the Blue Cross people and knows how to keep books can make money for his hospital from Blue Cross."

The public will soon be able to find out which hospitals have been making money on A.H.S. and which have been losing. The State Superintendent of Insurance has given permission for a retroactive adjustment for the year 1958. A hospital can get up to 8.42 per cent more than its 1958 reimbursement if it applies and can prove it lost money on A.H.S. patients. It will be interesting to see which hospitals do not apply.

Other A.H.S. practices in relation to hospitals can be considered almost anti-social. The organization makes no distinction between accredited hospitals and those not approved by the Joint Commission on Accreditation. Proprietary hospitals actually get a 5 per cent bonus to help provide a profit for the owners. In New York State at the beginning of 1959, there were fifty-eight proprietary hospitals affiliated with Blue Cross, of which only fifteen were accredited. (On the other hand, large majorities of the governmental, religious and secular voluntary hospitals are accredited.) It is true that some proprietary institutions offer excellent care. But the majority do not, and yet they get 5 per cent more than non-profit hospitals do. This is a clear case of subsidization of mediocrity.

BLUE CROSS generally could exercise a beneficial influence on hospitals simply by forcing them to raise standards where necessary. City and state regulation of hospitals is minimal. Why should not A.H.S., as the only body directly representing a large segment of the New York hospital-using public use its power to improve hospitals? Or, at the very least, would it not be reasonable to hope the A.H.S. would not reward second-rate institutions with higher payments?

When questioned on this subject, Mr. Drescher said: "It would be completely unrealistic for a paying agency like Blue Cross to operate hospitals. For us to influence standards of efficiency would be tantamount to hospital operation."

It is not at all clear why Blue Cross must be merely a "paying agency." Agreed, its primary function is hospital insurance; yet there is nothing to prevent it from meeting more than one public health need. And Blue Cross could perform a valuable service in seeking to increase hospital efficiency. Every discussion of public health involves rising hospital costs. Some of the factors in this rise, such as the price of labor, are beyond Blue Cross's influence. (It is interesting to note that in 1940, wages and salaries amounted to 57 per cent of the operating expenses of New York City's voluntary hospitals. In 1958, the proportion rose to 66 per cent. Wages and salaries rose 12.6 per cent during 1959, largely as a result of a strike last spring by non-professional employees at seven hospitals. The upshot of it all is that hospital labor is

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still underpaid and will soon be demanding more than the $1 an hour minimum now prevalent.) But other factors are distinctly open to influence.

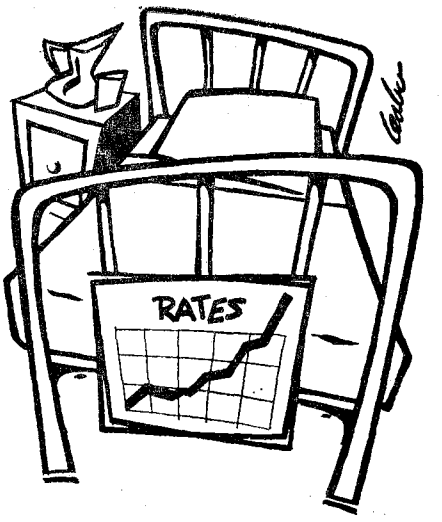
As a result of technical progress, the average hospital stay is becoming shorter. However, largely because of hospital insurance, admissions are growing in frequency. The Health Information Foundation reports that, between 1928 and 1943, admissions nationally averaged 56.7 per 1,000; in a re-survey taken in 1957-58, the figure had grown to 99.4 — an increase of 75 per cent.

The complicated and expensive capital equipment and new procedures of the modern hospital — things like radioisotope laboratories and open-heart surgery — make the difference between life and death in a growing number of cases. But there is no agency in New York to regulate the installation and use of these innovations. Therefore, as is widely acknowledged in hospital circles, wasteful duplication exists.

Because all boards of trustees and medical staffs want to see their hospitals as modern as possible, the general level of care is improved. Because all boards and staffs crave every new mechanism invented, even though the hospital down the street might already have met the community's need for that particular device, the cost of that care goes up unnecessarily. There is no measure of this waste. Indeed, there is a general shortage of reliable, up-to-date information on hospitals.

A.H.S. could play an important part in ending this type of waste. What is needed is some sort of community agency to control both hospital construction and expansion. Blue Cross should support the establishment of such an authority and co-operate closely with it. Should a hospital refuse to abide by the agency's decisions, A.H.S. could refuse to increase its reimbursement rate or, in the extreme, cancel its Blue Cross affiliation.

We do have in New York a master plan for hospital construction. Before a hospital moves to a new location or builds a new wing, it is supposed to clear the change with the Hospital Council. But the council's



authority in such matters seems to be deteriorating. There are a number of agencies, each with too little jurisdiction, operating in this area. Something new is needed, and because so much public money is being paid out by A.H.S., the organization should not hesitate to take the initiative.

A.H.S.'S POTENTIAL in the field of hospital utilization is more direct. Superficially, it would seem that simply shortening the hospital stay would be beneficial all around. This is not the case. Let us assume a hospital is charging $30 a day. A patient is staying ten days—a $300 bill for Blue Cross. But the hospital's expenses are not uniform during the ten days. For the first few days, care is intensive and costs are high. The hospital makes it up on the convalescence.

What is needed is not just a paring of hospital stays, but a substantial slicing down. The ultimate goal must be reduction of the number of beds in proportion to population.

A study of one institution showed that a hospital bed with a patient in it cost $8,500 a year to maintain. An empty bed in a occupied area —one staffed by nurses, porters, etc.—cost $6,500 and produces no revenue. The result is Blue Cross, as well as other income sources, must make up the deficit.

Complicating the situation is the attitude of some physicans and patients. Despite A.H.S.'s stringency, cheating does go on. The contract clause most frequently abused is the prohibition on payment for diagnostic admissions. From both the patient's and the doctor's point of view, it is often cheaper and more convenient to stretch the truth.

Thus the present system encourages both admissions and long stays. If a person could get diagnostic coverage on an out-patient basis, frequently he could avoid complete hospitalization.

The lack of provision for visiting nurse service also encourages longer stays. Basil MacLean put it this way: "To keep medical costs within reason, we must keep the patient vertical whenever possible. Once we put him between sheets, the bill begins to get out of hand."

Between 1955 and 1957, A.H.S. participated in a study involving 500 patients' experiences with early discharge followed up by visiting nurse service. The published conclusions said, in part:

> As estimated by the physicians who discharged the 500 patients, hospital stays were shortened by a total of 7,948 days through use of visiting nurse service. . . . This means that 700 patients could have been hospitalized for an average stay of eleven days in beds not needed by the 500 discharged patients. . . . [This kind of service] would result in better use of the dollars already allocated to health care by Blue Cross subscribers.

A survey performed last year brought out another interesting point. Groups of 100 persons covered by Blue Cross and its weak companion medical program, Blue Shield, experienced 68.8 patient-days in hospital a year. Similar groups covered by Blue Cross and HIP (Health Insurance Plan of New York) averaged 58.8 patient-days. This would indicate that the HIP approach, based on group medical practice that provides maximum service while the patient is ambulatory, is more efficient than Blue Shield. The latter is an indemnity-oriented program; its emphasis is on individual medical practice and in-hospital service.

SOME EXPERTS, like Dr. MacLean, Dr. Cherkasky and Dr. Henry Pratt, director of New York Hospital, would like to see the hospital become the center of all medical care. This has been done in certain

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institutions, such as the Ford Hospital in Detroit. In this system, all services are conveniently available to the public on an out-patient basis. Only the most serious cases require actual hospitalization. This millenarian setup is not within easy reach. Said Dr. Pratt: "The acceptance of this type of medical practice, which I think would provide the highest quality care at the lowest cost, is retarded by the attitudes of certain segments of the organized profession. These partisans of the old way allege unethical conduct when in reality the problem is one of economics."

Dr. MacLean would cover the cost of this all-around care with a single contract. It would be very easy to read, since it would have no exclusions or restrictions. Not even the mildly visionary Dr. MacLean thinks this system is close at hand. But his dream is the ideal climax for the Blue Cross story.

Nationally, there is a movement to merge the two main co-ordinating groups—the Blue Cross Commission and the Blue Cross Association. It would not be surprising if this were accomplished soon. As things stand now, the two units overlap. It has been suggested that such a consolidation would result in more nationwide leadership. One Blue Cross leader has proposed that the combined organization seek a Congressional charter like Red Cross's.

Unquestionably, the paramount need of Blue Cross, both nationally and locally, is for strong, dedicated leadership. The situation in New York, where A.H.S. has been without a president since July, is the most glaring example of this lack. The leadership must be bold, willing to experiment. It was this kind of courage that originally made Blue Cross the greatest private health-insurance instrument in the world. With this quality regained, Blue Cross could be worthy of its own beginnings.

Basketball: The Fix Is Still On . . *by Willard Manus*

"Two Pitt Basketball Players Say Dentist Attempted to Bribe Them."

"Tampering Reported by St. John's — Coach Says Redman Star Got Offer to Switch Schools."

—*New York Times*, Dec. 22, 1959.

THE FIXED FIFTIES have come full circle. This flabby decade has ended where it began: with a basketball scandal. True, its proportions have shrunken, its reverberations are fewer; today only one fixer will go to jail, while in 1950 seven colleges, thirty-two players and a good dozen fixers provided the headlines; but the current scandal stands as an almost too-pat symbol of the moral journey to nowhere that college basketball is making.

What corrupted the game yesterday has corrupted it today and will corrupt it tomorrow. Nothing has been learned in the last ten years, nothing has been changed. Despite the crew-cuts and pink cheeks, college basketball is, as it was ten years ago, a maggoty mess of moral hypocrisy, out-and-out dishonesty, side-of-the-mouth connivery. The game still meets sports writer Jimmy Cannon's old description of it: "The slot machine of sports."

WILLARD MANUS is the author of The Fixers, *a novel based on the basketball scandals of 1951.*

The two headlines quoted above are the key to the whole story. Where there is recruiting and tampering there will, inevitably, be fixing. They are but different forms of bribery.

"Recruiting. That's the start of it. How they went out and got us to play," said Ralph Beard, ex-Kentucky and professional star, when he was arrested on fix charges in 1951. "It got so big. Too big."

Make no mistake about it, college basketball is big business. More than 15 million people paid to see college games last year; television carries the games into three times that many homes throughout the season; there are dozens of locally promoted tournaments which cut the top teams in for a fat slice of the gate receipts; lucrative coast-to-coast tours are arranged for those same top teams. To stay where the money and the prestige are, these teams must win. Not every three years — the peak of a team's natural performance cycle — but every year, one after the other. The major colleges that win consistently — Kentucky, Bradley, North Carolina, etc. — are basketball factories; they recruit the best players on the market. Round and round it goes: they recruit their players to build winning teams, to attract crowds, to get gate receipts in order to recruit more players to win more games to recruit more players.

The players are recruited in any number of ways — through tuition scholarships, lavish room-and-board allowances, summer sinecures, a new job for daddy, under-the-table cash handouts. Most are in flagrant violation of every standard of amateur sport that currently exists. The NCAA and the various other college athletic councils have at one time or another passed Sanity Codes that call for severe penalties for such things as "subsidization eligibility infractions," but, as the euphemism indicates, the issue is never met head-on, the codes are eventually emasculated, and the game continues on its dollar-merry whirl.

ALL THIS has been said before, even as far back as twenty years ago by the Carnegie Foundation. But criticism of this kind runs full-smack into the roadblock of the American success ethic, behind which most of the men who control college basketball hide. "We do not wish merely to *participate* in sports. We wish to be *successful* in sports!" So proclaimed Adolph Rupp, for thirty years the basketball coach at the University of Kentucky, in an article last year in *Sports Illustrated.*

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(His emphasis.) To be sure, Rupp's teams have always won for him and he has had the kind of success which has enabled Kentucky to build a four-million-dollar memorial coliseum seating nearly 15,000 people, but the most telling thing about his article is that it never once touched on the six Kentucky players who were indicted in 1951 for fixing games. Obviously Rupp sees no connection between the conquistador philosophy of the game and the corruption of its athletes.

This connection has already been analyzed by Judge Saul S. Streit, who tried fourteen of the thirty-two indicted players back in November of 1951. Streit showed that by bribing players in the first instance to choose one college over another, the player's "ethical standards are destroyed and his moral armor pierced at the very act of entering college. The player begins to compare the adequacy of his compensation with the financial returns to the institution. The self-justification which so often is a prelude to crime is thus created."

BUT AS STREIT himself admitted, he only scratched the surface of the corruption: "Four-fifths of it is as yet beneath the level of legal proof and indictment." This is corruption which ranges from the coaches and athletic directors collecting payola from promoters to the whole complex and fantastic gambling apparatus surrounding the game. Bookmakers handle an estimated $15 million a day in basketball wagers. This illegal operation involves the phone companies, Western Union, politicians, police chiefs and gangsters, as the Kefauver committee investigating the transmission of gambling information proved several years ago. Basketball odds are determined by the various clearing houses around the country, where professional handicappers study inside information on the games supplied by local sports writers, students, tipsters and, it is rumored, by players, trainers and coaches. The bookmaking syndicates then begin taking bets at these opening odds, which have declared one team a favorite by a specified number of points. It is this difference in points — called the point spread — which makes basketball more vulnerable to the fix than any other team sport.

To be specific: say Team A goes into a game the gambling favorite by seven points over Team B. The fixed players on Team A can still lead their team to a win, but if the winning margin is under seven points, all those betting on Team B would collect.

As one of the bribed players said in 1951: "A small group of players can control the points without the slightest danger of being detected by their coach or even by their own teammates. A real smart operator can win the game for his team, grab off the headlines as the star of the game, and still make the score come out the way the gamblers want it. He can, for example, play hard on offense, score a pile of points, but make up for it by committing simple mistakes on defense."

It is not the bookmakers, however, who look to fix games; it is the bettors. Some of these men are professional gamblers. Some — like Irving Schwartzberg, the mastermind of the Manhattan College scandal— are professional fixers. Others are in or around the rackets. Others are just plain dentists — with larceny in their blood. Together they infest the arenas and field houses where big-time basketball is played today, sitting courtside with the rest of the gambling crowd, openly making bets on the game.

Given this pool-hall atmosphere of doubt and cynicism in which they must perform, and given the corrupt internal structure of the college game itself, is it any wonder that the players sometimes go for the dump? Remember, these are but tall children in a commercial world which does not know the meaning of integrity. Above all else, college has taught them how to steal and get away with it. And so what has made them special may very well destroy them.

PEOPLE "in the know" are talking fix these days, just as they did in the days before the '51 scandal broke. There are rumors about the pro game, too. Professional basketball was fathered by the '51 scandals and by televsion. With college ball temporarily staggered then by the fix revelations, the promoters — the same gents who had wrung millions out of a so-called "amateur" sport — decided it was time to elevate the play-for-pay boys into major status. They did it by pandering to the lowest tastes of the new fans of the TV age — armchair addicts who crave high scores, sensational shooting matches, speeded-up action. Out the window went all the old subtleties and niceties of the game: intricate zone defenses, possession play, clever passing and strategy. The pro game became all offense and no defense. To these eyes, watching it is about as exciting as watching a pinball game for two hours.

Whether or not the pro game is fixed is something else. At any rate, the pro league has the police apparatus to investigate itself. What is of more urgent concern is the college game: fixed or not, it is in a mess, it is dishonest from top to bottom. It is futile to call on those within the sport to clean house; they didn't do it ten years ago, so why should they suddenly do it today? The only thing that can save the game — particularly its kids — from another shabby fix scandal is some kind of outside investigation. Congress has found it necessary to haul all the other pro sports before its committees; why have they excepted college basketball?

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Dürrenmatt: the Comedy of Despair

H. M. Waidson

THIS SWISS author, born near Berne in 1921, has established for himself a reputation, since the death of Brecht, as the most important dramatist now writing in German. American and British audiences were not, apparently, particularly enthusiastic in their first reactions to *The Visit* (*Der Besuch der alten Dame*, 1956), his most recent full-length play and the one chosen to introduce him in English. It is one of the grimmest of his plays, and the sharp wit of the dialogue, together with the calculated buffoonery of a number of the minor characters, only serves to emphasize the fundamental harshness of its attitude.

The old lady is a multi-millionairess, controller of Armenian oil and other international business trusts, who returns to visit the seedy, impoverished little town from which she was forced to flee forty years earlier. "Claire Zachanassian does not stand for justice or the Marshall Plan or even the "Apocalypse," Friedrich Dürrenmatt writes in an epilogue, "let her be just what she is, the richest woman in the world, enabled by her wealth to act like a heroine of Greek tragedy, uncompromisingly, terrifyingly, like Medea for instance." The purpose of her visit is to be avenged on the man who once loved her and deceived her. He is a respected citizen, lord-mayor elect, confident that the town will support him and reject the old lady's offer of a billion marks for his dead body. But he is mistaken in his belief that moral decency will triumph over cupidity. The town gradually rationalizes its own greed and condemns him to death, in the midst of the television cameras which have come to celebrate the millionairess' latest marriage. "The temptation is too great, the poverty too bitter." The minor figures in the play are grotesques, the old lady's character is fixed and unbending, so that our sympathies have to be concentrated entirely on the ex-lover, whose past and present behavior arouses little confidence. A play whose two principal characters are over sixty is evidently not aiming at an easy mass appeal; wit and clever stage effects are incidental in a relentless satire of what the author conceives as man's willingness to betray anybody or any principle for the sake of money. Dürrenmatt is a moralist and a preacher, though some may think that *The Visit* is more like a horror comic than a "tragi-comedy."

His first play, *It Is Written* (*Es steht geschrieben*, 1947), is set in sixteenth-century Münster and shows an Anabaptist community which aims, by a fundamentalist adherence to the letter of the Bible, to realize the kingdom of God on earth. But once in power, the leaders of the new movement are found to be as prone to the corrupting influence of power as were their predecessors. The destructive criticism of the Anabaptists' ideals recalls the manner of Sartre. Dürrenmatt claims in this play to be seeking truth beyond disillusionment: "I write knowing about the absurdity of this world, but not despairing, for, even though we don't stand much chance of saving it — unless God is merciful to us — at least we may still be able to survive it."

THESE two plays, both with desperate and deadly endings, might usually be called tragedies, but Dürrenmatt is reluctant to admit the applicability of the term to modern drama. In his essay *Problems of the Theatre* (1955) he maintains that historical tragedy, that is, drama concerning the conflicts of political rulers, is impossible today because political power itself, in the hands of men like Hitler and Stalin, has become so gigantic and uncontrollable that it ceases to offer the possibility of effective drama; in contemporary political life everything is so large-scale and impersonal that no one can "help it" or be made responsible. "Our world has led just as much to the grotesque as to the atom-bomb." And so he advocates comedy as a genre which has more chance of successful realization today because it is concrete and finds its basis in society. Comedy may be an expression of despair, but if the dramatists can ridicule the tyrants of today, that may well be a more effective gesture than tragic pathos.

Indeed Dürrenmatt's three most attractive stage plays are comedies. *Romulus the Great* (*Romulus der Grosse*, 1949) is light comedy, with an unexpected, but all the more welcome, happy ending; it is the most suitable of his plays to take one's young daughters to. Romulus, a late-Roman emperor, devotes his attentions to poultry rearing, and his headquarters, somewhere in north Italy, are virtually a farm. Barbarians from the Germanic North, hated and feared by all true Romans, are advancing with disastrous inexorability. The queen and the whole entourage make a panic-stricken last-minute flight, but Romulus stays behind to look after his chickens, the only person who is serene and unafraid, irritating the conventional terrors of the others with his absurd irrelevancies and witticisms. The invaders duly arrive, but their leader Theodoric is a mild, middle-aged gentleman with tastes similar to Romulus, who can now abdicate, relieved that he is no longer expected to behave like a tragic hero.

Nearly all Dürrenmatt's plays are concerned with the breaking up of a conventional world by the irruption of radical forces of change. *An Angel Comes to Babylon* (*Ein Engel kommt nach Babylon*, 1954) relates the indifferent intervention of an angel in the affairs of Nebuchadnezzar's Babylon; the setting is that of a rococo fairy tale, and Dürrenmatt's neatly parodistic approach to the past enables him here to depict ancient Babylon in the spirit of one of Voltaire's satires. As always, his first interest is the drama of ideas; if his characters are concerned with problems of faith and philosophy, he says in *Problems of the Theatre*, it is because intelligent human beings are concerned with such problems, and he would find it boring to portray "nothing but blockheads." In *Romulus the Great* and *An Angel Comes to Babylon* Dürrenmatt is closest in mood to Bernard Shaw. In the latter, the Lord has given one of his angels the task of establishing upon earth imaginative beauty, in the shape of a young woman who inflames men with wild yearning. The angel is perfunctory in the performance of this duty, sublimely ignorant of the human race and obstinately confident that there is no such thing as unhappiness. Man's problems are of little importance within the framework of the universe as a whole, he implies: "After all, I've got a job to do.... I'm not an anthropologist, I'm a physicist. Suns are my specialty."

Ideas, comedy of situation, the dry

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treatment of drastic happenings, the quick, neat exploitation of theatrical devices which owe something to Bertolt Brecht and to Thornton Wilder, make *The Marriage of Mr. Mississippi* (*Die Ehe des Herrn Mississippi,* 1952) one of Dürrenmatt's most characteristic and successful plays. If the action of *The Visit* is too straightforward in its rigid progress to doom, *Mississippi* is quicksilver surrealism, full of unexpected twists and complexities. The stage finishes by being littered with corpses, but the atmosphere of comedy is retained. The central character is a public prosecutor whose duty it is to bring criminals to book in the name of the state, a duty which is also a pleasure, for his private hobby is to collect death sentences as some collect postage stamps. Mississippi is motivated by a stern faith based, like that of the Anabaptists in *It Is Written,* on Old Testament fundamentalism; the ancient Greek idea of fate is replaced by Calvinist predestination as a metaphysical basis for dramatic inevitability. Mississippi extracts from the beautiful Anastasia the admission that she has killed her husband; but instead of arresting her, he proposes to her. He wants to marry her, not from love, but from "absolute justice," for he too has poisoned his own wife: "I have condemned myself to marrying you." If Mississippi represents faith, two other characters represent hope and charity. Saint-Claude, the man of hope, leads a Communist revolt, and shares with Mississippi a delight in "the law" and in executions. But his revolt is easily put down, and indeed its taking place at all has only given the ruler of the state a plausible excuse for asking the United States for more "aid." Charity is personified in the figure of Bodo von Ubelohe, a doctor from Lausanne and another victim of the *femme fatale* Anastasia. In chagrin at her marrying Mississippi and in remorse at having provided her with the poison for getting rid of her first husband, he goes off to the East Indies as a relief worker. The end of the play shows the extinction of Calvinist faith, Communist hope and of sheer sex; but charity is still left, and Bodo has the last word when he pleads for the maintenance of humanitarian ideals, even if they may be quixotic and weak in the face of fanatical tyranny or materialistic complacency.

WITH his preoccupation with themes of justice and death by execution, it is not surprising that Dürrenmatt should have turned to the detective story. Tales such as *Suspicion* (*Der Verdacht,* 1953) and *The Judge and his Hangman* (*Der Richter und sein Henker,* 1954) are simpler than the plays, for the author keeps to the conventional rules and sees to it that the right man—the criminal—is suitably disposed of at the end. The most recent detective novel *The Pledge* (*Das Versprechen,* 1958) concerns a detective's dilemma in face of the implications of a sex murder he has to investigate. The background of contemporary Switzerland is more realistic in these novels than in the plays, and the style less complex.

Dürrenmatt's inventive and unconventional mind seeks to bring new life to the theatre and to treat it as an institution worthy of intellectual respect. There is no room for realism on the modern stage, he says, for the film, "the democratic form of the court-theatre," can give the illusion of reality much more effectively. And so the modern stage will hint at place and time, but not depict them with anything approaching verisimilitude. The theatre must be experimental, and not rest content with the occasional revival of old masters; it is not enough for the theatre to become a museum. Dürrenmatt is effectively at work to prevent that from happening.

(Dürrenmatt's works are published in German by the Arche Verlag, Zürich. English translations of some of the novels have appeared, but not of the plays. H. F. Garten's stimulating survey of *Modern German Drama* (Methuen, London, 1959) includes a discussion of Dürrenmatt.)

The Real Right Ovid

OVID: THE METAMORPHOSES. Translated by Horace Gregory. Viking Press. 461 pp. $7.50.

M. L. Rosenthal

IN TRANSLATING *The Metamorphoses,* Gregory has caught Ovid's crystal sophistication. More, he has caught Ovid's mingled delight, terror and awe before the mystery of transformation — ultimately the mystery within the process whereby myth and art come to birth. For us today, Ovid's recapitulation of tale after tale from the sacred lore of Mediterranean and Near Eastern civilization illuminates not only the sensibility of his time but our own deepest-rooted interests. Yet except at rare moments, he does not theorize. The metamorphoses of which he writes are presented as literal experiences, "simple" and thrilling. So, in the Gregory translation, he describes the change of Daphne as she fled, "a naked wraith in wilderness," from Apollo's ardor:

> . . . and as she spoke
> A soaring drowsiness possessed her; growing
> In earth she stood, white thighs embraced by climbing
> Bark, her white arms branches, her fair head swaying
> In a cloud of leaves; all that was Daphne bowed
> In the stirring of the wind, the glittering green
> Leaf twined within her hair and she was laurel.

The elastic but masterful lines accommodate themselves unerringly, in both original and translation, to what they embody. "A soaring drowsiness," and the lovely feminine outlines are caressingly absorbed into a tree that retains something of the girl's erotic beauty. Essential to Ovid's style at these heightened moments is his fluid empathy, and that is the translator's greatest challenge. Compare Gregory's version with this passage in Golding's famous sixteenth-century translation and it becomes clear how real a triumph the American poet has won. Golding's phrasing is less vividly alive, and his rhyme and versification (like those of Dryden's incomplete translation in the next century) are too insistent:

> This piteous prayer scarcely said, her sinews waxèd stark,
> And therewithal about her breast did grow a tender bark.
> Her hair was turnèd into leaves, her arms in boughs did grow,
> Her feet that were erewhile so swift, now rooted were as slow.
> Her crown became the top, and thus of that she erst had been
> Remainèd nothing in the world but beauty fresh and green. . . .

What we, the whole modern age, have been after is the experience close up, in detail; but also the experience as revelation, as the language of meaning. Symbolism and imagism, the crowding of the poetic canvas with multiple, concentrated evocations, Yeats's picture of the sudden assault on Leda and her slow surrender, Joyce's cramming of mythical and literary tradition into a subjectively realistic and autobiographical novel are strangely foreshadowed in the Ovidian method. Myths tell us, or-

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dinarily, *what* happened: Medea restored the aged Aeson's youth; Daphne was turned into a tree to escape being ravished by the god; Phaethon lost control of his father's chariot and almost destroyed the earth. Ovid tells us *how* it happened, and how it *felt* while it was happening, and he invests this information, which he himself invents, with a significance that far surpasses the original sacred and ritual meaning attaching to the incident as an unelaborated "fact." Thus he anticipates the modern scrutiny of myth for its psychological and symbolic meaning apart from conventional interpretation. When poor Semele is tricked by jealous Juno (Saturnia) to beg her lover Jove to take her "the way you take Saturnia in your arms" and, full of spiritual agony, he tries in vain "to make his strenuous powers lighter" so that she will not be burned to ashes by his embrace, we are deep in a contemplation of tragic fatality and willfulness and suffering in their own right. Again, the story of Iphis and Ianthe illustrates, as Gregory points out in his introduction, the influence of Egyptian religious cults on Rome. More important, it is an absorbed play of fantasy over the sexual mysteries and the mysteries of the subjective life. It is so absurd and yet so moving—a triumph of will over reality that is gay and witty and still quite serious. The girl Iphis is transformed by Isis into a man so that she may marry Ianthe, and so a bonfire is lighted under pathos and all becomes joy, a glory of felicitous language.

The present translation allows us to discover these intrinsic, and intriguing, aspects of Ovid as no other translation of the whole *Metamorphoses* does. Dryden achieves some infinitely debonair effects—it is the virtue of his defect—that are almost impossible in twentieth-century English. And I do not think anyone can match the tale of Acoetes and Bacchus (Book IX) as Pound handles it in *Canto II* — though his presentation is incomplete and only in part a translation; more a recasting, perhaps. But Gregory remains amazingly true to his original in spirit and tact and virtuosity. He sustains a tone over long pages, and when he rises to brilliant heights it is because he is moving with Ovid. The tremendous intensity of the story of Phaethon, with its "modern" impression of Apollo as an overpermissive father, the sheer desperation of the tale of Philomela with its echoing horror, the pitiable sweetness of Dryope, the pure imagination suffused with sadness of the story of Icarus — each of these unique qualities is conveyed marvelously in its own way. Gregory is not competing with Ovid, not "using" him, but is bringing him into perspective through the right modern idiom and pacing, and at a pitch of rhythmic realization impossible in prose:

> And the unlucky man, no longer father,
> Cried, "Icarus, where are you, Icarus,
> Where are you hiding, Icarus, from me?"
> Then as he called again, his eyes discovered
> The boy's torn wings washed on the climbing waves.

The spirit is modern, but it is Roman too. Ovid is smooth and formal and nevertheless full of excitement, a little like Chaucer at certain moments in his paradoxically noncommittal involvement. It would have been easy for Gregory to forget that fact and force him into cheaper effects—especially through being overly colloquial. He disdained the temptation, and as a result we now have the real right Ovid for this age.

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The Cut-off People

POCHO. By José Antonio Villarreal. Doubleday & Co. 235 pp. $3.95.

John Bright

OF *los pochos* and *pochismo,* their culture, very little of probity has been written. There have been periodic sociological studies and some penetrating journalism. But fiction — good plays, novels and poetry — have been lamentably few, and all created by "outsiders." Even these are uneven in quality, ranging from Guy Nunn's moving *White Shadows* to the sentimentalisms of John Steinbeck, who should know better. Unlike Negroes, Jews, Italians, Irish and other second-class citizens, the million-odd immigrants from Mexico and their second-generation offspring have not yet produced their spokesmen and their bards. Therefore *Pocho,* a first novel by a young California Mexican, is notable not only for its own intrinsic virtues, but as a first voice from a people new in our midst who up to now have been almost silent.

Pocho is told from the viewpoint of Richard Rubio, son of a typical migratory worker, a refugee from the Mexican counterrevolution. The boy is intel-

JOHN BRIGHT, dramatist and screen writer, has written a play about los pochos, *"City of Angels," which had the honor of being closed by the Los Angeles police.*

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lectually questioning rather than blindly rebellious, a striking mutation from the ragged horde of second-generation kids roaming the California agricultural valleys; but this very unusualness becomes the novel's virtue, heightens its sense of reality, and removes it from the picaresque. All the familiar experiences of maladjustment, anguish, poverty and discrimination, anxieties about God and the Church, sex and the family, are here filtered through brown eyes of special sadness.

A classical Spanish dictionary defines "pocho" as "faded away" or "cut off." Folk definition links the term to the fact that Mexican women upon arriving here cut off their hair in the *yanqui* fashion; another attributes the word to the briefer, choppy American way of speech. The etymologies are not unrelated, because one of the most significant single truths about the Mexican-Americans is their feeling of being isolated from a culture which condemns them — most unfairly and myopically, and with a hint of envy—as renegades, and at the same time their failure to achieve integration in this strange land north of the border.

Yet these native-born Mexican-Americans try hard. Try desperately to be more *yanqui* than the *gringos,* chew more gum, play more baseball, drink more Coca-Cola—and ape the worst traits of the Anglos more often than the best. (In the present healthy hullabaloo about integration, it should be pointed out that assimilation need not equate with conformity—that if it does, a dangerous sterility can follow from a democratic trend.)

There are signs that the ghastly Los Angeles "zoot suit riots" in 1943 marked the low in Anglo-*pocho* relations, and that some peaceful fusion of the two peoples is growing in the Southwest out of the tolerance of continued prosperity. Still, the process is slow and spotty, with the city police and rural constabulary braking the motor of history. Acceptance seems to be in ratio to the ability of *los pochos* to attain middle-class status in Anglo rather than their own terms, their becoming "respectable" and un-Mexican, and the taking over of their role as the cheapest of labor by other ethnic groups, as occurred with the Okies and Arkies in the thirties. That prejudice lingers stubbornly is evidenced by the defeat of Henry Lopez for Secretary of State on Pat Brown's landslide ticket last year.

Mr. Villarreal's beautiful novel is a work of self-expression that earns his people a place as Americans on their own terms.

Catching Up with Bellamy

THE YEAR 2000: A Critical Biography of Edward Bellamy. By Sylvia E. Bowman. Bookman Associates. 404 pp. $6.

Irving H. Flamm

IF "best-seller" lists had been in vogue in the decade preceding the turn of the century, no novel of that period would have rated even close to Edward Bellamy's *Looking Backward,* published in 1888. It remained a best-seller for many years and as the debates over the author's utopian vision continued, foreign publishers took hold of it and translations in many languages circulated throughout the world.

The romantic tale by its main character, Julian West, who went into a coma in 1887 from which he was aroused in the year 2000, his description of the before-and-after contrasts in the way of life in his native Boston, had a profound influence on the intellectuals of his day. It sparked the organization of Bellamy clubs and a "Nationalist" movement which attracted many notables, among them William Dean Howells, Henry Demarest Lloyd, Frances Willard, Margaret Fuller and the youthful Clarence Darrow. The populist party gained much of its strength from Bellamy supporters.

In Europe Bellamy is still a potent influence. Touring Holland a few months ago, the writer learned that a Bellamy Society, still functioning in Rotterdam, circulates a fortnightly journal devoted to its Socialist principles. In the Amsterdam public library, the list of publications by and about Bellamy is longer than those found in most American libraries. Among oldsters here the memory of Bellamy is still cherished, but to younger generations he is almost unknown, his ideas lost in the noisy promotions of the free enterprisers. Keeping the spotlight on the convulsions following the revolution that was to produce the first Socialist state, they play up every evil as proof that regimentation, tyranny and dictatorship are inseparable from

IRVING H. FLAMM, retired from the Chicago bar and now living in California, is the author of An Economic Program for a Living Democracy.

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socialism. This, no doubt, has contributed to the decline of Bellamy's influence and the Socialist movement.

It is, therefore, a fitting tribute to this gentle, compassionate figure that, sixty years after his death, a new biography should appear. Dr. Sylvia Bowman, an assistant professor of English at Indiana University, is a specialist in utopian novels. *The Year 2000* is the first volume of her Bellamy study; the second will deal with Bellamy's influence on Europe. In preparation for her task she studied all of Bellamy's novels, short stories, essays, available letters and manuscripts, interviewed surviving relatives and read all the published items she could find by Bellamy critics. In this book she vividly displays Bellamy as a person and competently sorts out his views and arguments for the industrial democracy he envisioned. His earlier fiction was a "vehicle to reveal his ideas and interests, and to pave the way technically and ideologically for his major works, *Looking Backward* and *Equality*." In the former he was "principally concerned with the presentation of a mirage of the ideal state which would entice the panacea-hungry citizenry to accept the principles of state socialism — peacefully evolved from tendencies toward [industrial] consolidation" and finally culminating in "the universal partnership of the people." *Equality* was written to answer the criticism engendered by the preceding work.

The improved moral tone and the elevated cultural and economic levels of the people in his industrial democracy (his vision of "democratic socialism") Bellamy attributed to the transformation from a competitive jungle to a co-operative society. The economic enterprises were owned and operated for the equal benefit of all the inhabitants, governmental agencies being regarded as democratically controlled instruments, not as mere centers of oppressive power. In Bellamy's industrial army every citizen served a twenty-year hitch, after which he was pensioned at full pay for the rest of his life. Pay was equal for everyone, since Bellamy felt that economic equality is an essential ingredient of political democracy; that each person in such a society would naturally contribute his share of work as a matter of pride and duty. The spirit of patriotism that prevailed in that "industrial army" is what William James must have had in mind in his call for "the moral equivalent of war."

It is difficult to estimate how many were made aware of the social problems of their time by Bellamy. His indirect influence through teachers and writers (John Dewey, Bernard Shaw and Heywood Broun, for example) was, no doubt, a substantial factor in the reform movements of this century. During the depression years, one could see *Looking Backward* in a most conspicuous part of the White House bookcase. To quote Dr. Bowman:

> The novel's influence, however, was to be no less amazing than its popularity, for it was to supply the incentive for the founding of Nationalist clubs and to stimulate the Christian Socialist and the social gospel movements. Eventually *Looking Backward* and the immediate program of the Nationalist clubs were to supply material for the platform of the Peoples' Party. Its influence also contributed to the publication of many newspapers as well as many social-problem and utopian novels. Because of its widespread influence, *Looking Backward* was to play an important role in the formation of American liberal thought.

Dr. Bowman points out that, though both believe in the essence of the Socialist philosophy, there has always been a running antagonism between the Marxists and the Nationalists. Bellamy avoided (as did Henry

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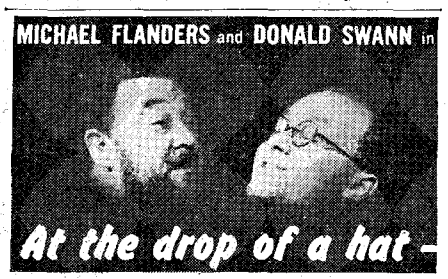

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Cascades and Fountains

Drawn from deep sleep, the dark, dim waters run,
Fountains of living waters night and day
They wash my life away.
Surely they gush from dry rock, the thirsty sun,
Splendid and fertile spraying the dead grass
With light as in a golden fastness.

Slow life, and slower change, muted, immutable,
Running like water quick and shallow, clear:
Dark year on hurrying year—
Beneath the glowing heaven, under the nimble heels
Of rushing worlds you keep
All that the sleepy and resentful dreamscape feels.

Fons rejuventutis,
healing flood—
The pure limbs of beauty enter you,
Energy fresh and brilliant, the reviving blood,
Warm eyes and springing hair
Meet in your flood, dissolve, and are united there.
While the wild waters flood time's crumbling stair.

Toward the Atlantis of the soul you move:
Worlds flung underseas, an abyss closed and sealed,
Sources of life forgotten and revealed.
Foam alleluias rising from above
In watery peals of love
Unlocking passions like a choral flood
That sing within the blood.

MARYA ZATURENSKA

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George) the Socialist label as an alien product burdened with notions of revolution and violence; and the Marxists in turn regarded the Bellamy groups as unscientific, sentimental idealists. The injustices and cruelties perpetrated by the Stalin regime and its unconcealed contempt for those Socialist groups who were critical widened this breach. If the Khrushchev regime should now begin moving toward political democracy as well as higher living standards, if it could earn the confidence of the many Socialist and semi-Socialist factions in every country, the world might move ahead much faster toward something resembling Bellamy's new Boston.

ART

Fairfield Porter

HOLDERIN's poem, *Nature and Art*, characterizes the Golden Age as a time when the ruler of heaven and earth "uttered no command, and still not / One of the mortals by name had named him." (Vernon Watkins' translation.) In the Saturnian age the world appeared new: things had no names, there was no past or future, all concepts were unconscious, and all order. The radiance of such an age has been expressed by poets; but has it ever been expressed in painting or sculpture? Perhaps in fifth-century Greek sculpture, and perhaps sometimes by Monet, and oftener by Sisley. But these Impressionist painters expressed it in a generalized way, and only by color. The color of nature is disappearing from painting, even though non-objective painting represents a turn away from conceptualism and toward direct experience. Non-objective painting is more graphic and emotional than open to sensation; and realist painting is less interested in nature than in ideas, as: what is natural, or what should painting be about? An expression of the immediacy of experience—for what else is the namelessness of everything—is proper to poetry and natural to photography. I know no photographs that express this so well as the color prints of my brother, Eliot Porter who, like Audubon, is known for his record of the birds of America.

He has made a series of color photographs illustrating Thoreau on the seasons, which were shown last month at the Baltimore Museum, and are now on exhibition at the Eastman museum in Rochester. They are not like other color photographs. There are no eccentric angles familiar to the movies, snapshots or advertising, and the color is like a revelation. The color of photographs usually looks added: it floats in a film above the surface; it is a dressing-up. And it is usually rather inattentive. It is inattentive in the way that printers in this country are inattentive to the accurate shade, and the way color reproductions are almost invariably insensitive. It seems that the fact of color itself is considered enough: one knows the sky is blue, and the grass green, and you can let it go at that. But Porter's colors, with all the clear transparency of dies, have substance as well. They are not on top.

HIS range of colors contributes to their namelessness. For photography has limitations comparable to those of paint — there are primary and secondary colors. Memory contracts and symbolizes; and one thinks of his winter photographs as pale yellow and white; spring as blue-green; summer as red and green; autumn as orange and yellow; however if you look again, you discover that you cannot generalize, you cannot conceptualize, the colors do not correspond to words you know, they are themselves, a language that is not spoken. The color indications are all primary, as a poet might use words as though they were new, without precedent or possible future, but tied to the event. The color is tied to the shape and the context; no habitual meaning is suggested. In the corner of this grayish wall of trees, that blue, is it sky? No, it is ferns. It is as much of a discovery as the broken color of Impressionism. The shadows of leaves are yellow or black, the light on them white or blue. The weed stems in the snow are yellow, better set in and stronger in their contrast than Wyeth's black virtuosity. But you cannot describe one language with another. Drawing and painting have a language, but literature and photography *are* language. This is what Maholy-Nagy must have meant by his suggestion that the illiterate man of the future would be he who could not use a camera. These photographs make wonder the natural condition of the human mind. Have you ever seen before the redness of grass, the blueness of leaves, the orange cliffs of autumn, the two circles of sunflower blossoms, or a kerosene lamp against the sun in a window? Or that where a tree has fallen, it seems to have fallen with intention? There is no subject and background, every corner is equally alive.

Photography is nature, and so critics

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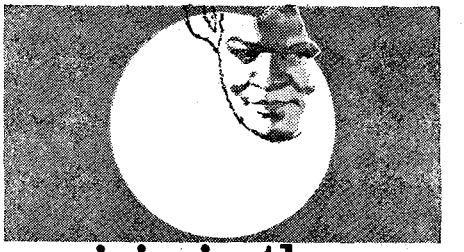

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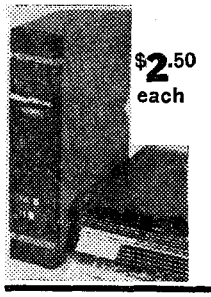

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have thought that it was not art. But if these photographs did not show you what they did, you would never have been able to discover it. The golden age of the child's omnipotence is succeeded by the Jovian world of adults and of art. Adults classify, generalize and ignore. But the ability to distinguish comes first. Can we as adults be sure that we see more deeply, through art, than the photographer who pretends to do nothing but pay the closest possible attention to everything? He distinguishes endlessly and he dares not ignore. What does love come from if not just this scrupulous respect and close attention? The trouble with art is that, in choosing, the artist ignores. The trouble with the realistic artist is that he is indirect, and between himself and his experience he puts concepts: a steely equality of detail, conceptualistic anatomy, or the métier of the old masters. The non-objective artist is closer to the photographer in his reliance on direct experience. But, because he is not interested in objective nature he tends to lose his contact with concrete variety. The trouble with this is that it leads to a loss of a feeling for pluralism, as though all experience were becoming one experience, the experience of everything.

MUSIC

Lester Trimble

THERE is always excitement in the air when Stravinsky appears in public. This was certainly true of the recent Town Hall concert at which he conducted four American composer-pianists (Samuel Barber, Aaron Copland, Lukas Foss, Roger Sessions), the American Concert Choir, a group of solo singers and a percussion ensemble, in his masterpiece from the period 1917-1923, *Les Noces*. The standing ovation as he came on stage from the wings was even longer and more fervent than usual. Only a few individuals, no doubt tinged with the same iconoclasm that has been a part of the composer's mental equipment, remained stubbornly rooted in their chairs. I was glad for both demonstrations.

Despite the general atmosphere of brilliance, however, a sense of incipient sadness also hung over the evening. Stravinsky has aged rapidly in the past few years; his sprightly, grasshopper-like way of moving about the podium has changed radically, and one cannot avoid seeing that his seventy-eight years weigh heavily upon him. This, combined with the fact that there were on the program an *Epitaphium* (1959) for Prince Max Egon zu Fürstenburg; a *Memoriam* (1959) for Raoul Dufy (both by Stravinsky); and a Trio-Satz (Opus Posthumous-1925), by Webern, darkened one's spirits a little. The program notes for the Bach Cantata, *Aus der Tiefe rufe ich, Herr, zu dir* (conducted by Stravinsky's protégé, Robert Craft), lent their bit to a perhaps accidental image by reminding us that the work "might possibly be a funeral cantata, since no particular Sunday is indicated." I don't know who planned the program, but it's a good thing a jolly piece like *Les Noces* was there at the end.

INDEED, had it not been there, the concert would have been a failure. *Epitaphium* is only seven bars long; too short to make any impression beyond the one that it was a Dadaesque idea to write it at all. The piece is scored for flute, clarinet and harp, and the only memories I retain of it are certain lovely bass-register harp sonorities, a feeling that it was about equal in time-space to a three-inch newspaper obituary, and the thought that "chic" can get very close to "chi-chi," even with Stravinsky.

Memoriam, for string quartet, is a bit longer, lasting perhaps two and a half minutes. It consists of a double-canon. For some reason which I have not been able to trace, its spiritual ambience reminded me of the late Beethoven Quartets, which is to say also that it was very beautiful. It was not "concentrated," as are the ultra-brief works by Webern. Its brevity, like that of *Epitaphium*, seemed an externally, willfully imposed factor, and thus disturbing. A short double-canon is fine, but unless it gives a sense of aesthetic fulfillment, it is not an *oeuvre*, but an essay in contrapuntal technique. These two minuscule pieces are, to my mind, nothing more than elegant autographs from the hand of a master. Their elegance and accuracy are admirable, but when the canon reminded me of Beethoven, it also reminded me that the earlier composer was humbler and more generous when he dealt with a noble idea.

Les Noces is prime Stravinsky, and threw everything else into shadow. To have Messrs. Barber, Copland, Foss and Sessions at the four pianos was an entertaining idea, and they played very well indeed. But as a whole, the performance was not particularly spirited. Stravinsky seemed tired. The soloists —Mildred Allen, Elaine Bonazzi, Regina Sarfaty, Loren Driscoll and Robert Oliver—were, with the exception of Mr. Driscoll, possessed of splendid voices. They were not, however, entirely at home with the music. Nor was the chorus. Possibly there was not enough rehearsal, but whatever the reason, there were moments where the music's Slavic extraversion seemed almost an embarrassment to Anglo-Saxon personalities. As for the text, sung in English, it might as well have been in Urdu, for not more than five words were understandable. And yet, as always, *Les Noces* was a wonder to the ears. I wish it would be done in New York with the ballet which is one of its integral parts. This would be expensive, no doubt; but what an extravaganza!

There is not much to say about the rest of the program. Mr. Craft conducted competently enough, but neither the Bach Cantata nor the Monteverdi *Ballo delle Ingrate* is a particularly fascinating work. The latter is entirely too long and full of recitatives for present-day audiences. Before it was over more than a few heads were nodding — mine among them.

Out in the Cold

The sun shines in the ice of my country
As my smile glitters in the mirror of my devotion.
I live on the edge of the land. Flat is the scene there.
There are a few scrub bushes. The frozen sea
Lies locked for a thousand miles to the north, to the Pole.

Meager my mouth, and my knuckles sharp and white.
They will hurt when I hit. I fish for a fish
So thin and sharp in the tooth as to suit my malice.
It stares like any fish, but it knows a lot,
Knows what I know. Astonishment it has not.

I have a hut to which I go at night.
Sometimes there is no night and the midnight sun
And I sit up all night and fish for that fish.
We huddle over the ice, the two of us.

DAVID FERRY

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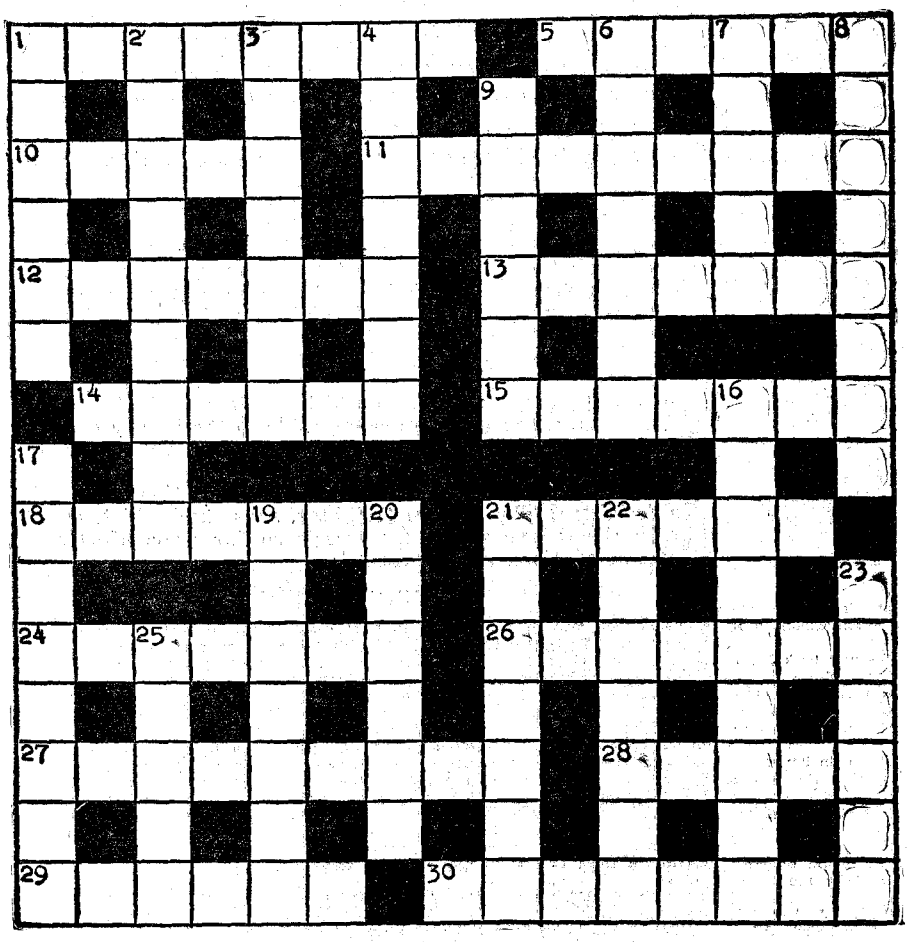
Crossword Puzzle No. 849

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 This and 7 were subjects for discussion as a title of 20. (8)
5 Inquire about a pledge? Quite the opposite when a court player makes it. (6)
10 One of this things found in Stevenson's garden. (5)
11 Insolence is little less than indiscretion. (9)
12 The ear-shell, to a degree, is unaccompanied. (7)
13 A canine's closest companion. (7)
14 and 16 down The place to find Hero, a spot obviously not out of the way for politics. (6-2-3-4)
15 Empty talk with studies of such people as D'Artagnan. (7)
18 A trick is able to send one sprawling. (7)
21 Leave a sort of 1 down here. (6)
24 One might have been a 30. (7)
26 Truth, like this, cannot be soiled by outward touch, implied Milton.
27 Mend a torn decoration, possibly.
28 Lytton reminded us what curses come home to. (5)
29 A sort of side street, in short. (With a stop sign?) (6)
30 Proving an early traveler might be a card user. (8)

DOWN:

1 and 23 Implying one should be careful in getting a den with a decoy, alternatively. (6, 6)
2 A horse sounds pure-blooded, but might not be well-mannered! (9)
3 Glandular, if one did a well-known operation. (7)
4 Certainly couldn't be described as a good looker. (4, 3)
6 Offers evidence of Madison Avenue leaders in foreign style? (7)
7 Their heads are reputedly not easy to find as companions to 1 across.
8 It's theirs to prove he must sometimes prove otherwise. (8)
9 Bound to be a flower! (6)
17 Burning in the round. (8)
19 There are things about a fast time that show it becomes less cruel. (7)
20 Related to a stout doorman. (6)
21 If one calls, it is placed in the brim.
22 Not necessarily blank charges, but the report isn't real. (7)
25 One might be indicative of things which might be blue. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 848

ACROSS: 1 and 26 Magna cum laude; 5 Chased; 10 Dynamic; 11 Dousing; 12 Ibsen; 13 Valueless; 14 Arena; 16 Reserves; 19 Messages; 22 Fused; 24 Catamount; 28 Trained; 29 Abelard; 30 Honest; 31 Isotherm. DOWN: 1 Madrigal; 2 Genes; 3 Armenians; 4 Uncover; 7 Spineless; 8 Digest; 9 and 6 A Doll's House; 15 Eyestrain; 17 Refulgent; 18 Addendum; 20 Gourds; 21 Satraps; 23 Scotch; 25 Manes; 27 Usage.

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BY the travel editor of The Christian Science Monitor: Many fascinating travel booklets pass over this desk in the course of a year but the one that arrived the other day so interested this department that it cost the office several hours of work in order that we might absorb its contents. The booklet is entitled "Travel Routes Around the World" and is the traveler's directory to passenger-carrying freighters and liners. In no time at all you find yourself far out to sea cruising along under tropical skies without a care in the world. You find yourself docking at strange ports and taking land tours to those places you long have read about. Most interesting of the vast listings of ships are the freighters which carry a limited number of passengers in quarters comparable to the luxury offered in the so-called big cruise ships which devote most of their space for passengers.

The booklet first of all answers the question: What is a freighter? The modern freighter, says the booklet, ranks with the deluxe passenger vessels so far as comfort and accommodations are concerned.

LARGE ROOMS WITH BEDS

It is important to realize that in most cases today, freighter passengers are considered first-class passengers, although the rates charged are generally on a par with either cabin or tourist-class fare. Most passenger-carrying freighters, to quote the booklet, have their private bath and shower, and these cabins offer beds, not bunks. The rooms are generally larger than equivalent accommodations aboard passenger ships, and the cabin of a modern freighter is sometimes even twice as large as first-class cabins on some of the older passenger ships. It goes without saying that your room is on the outside, and amidships, the most expensive of all locations, for which you are usually charged a premium over the advertised minimum fares on passenger ships.

This booklet points out that it is frequently astonishing how low freighter fares are as compared with passenger ship fares; for example, less than one-half of the passenger ship fare to California is the amount asked on freighters. On most of the longer runs, the difference in favor of the freighters is regularly from a third to half of the passenger ship fare.

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Foreign ships offer their own specialties says the booklet. Thus vessels in the East Indian trade serve Rijkstafel, the East Indian dish which can run to as many as 50 different courses, Scandinavian ships serve Smorgasbord every day and some of their desserts (like strawberries smothered in a huge bowl of whipped cream) are never forgotten. Another feature of freighter travel is in its informality. No formal clothes are needed. Sport clothes are enough.

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